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REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
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Newton, Dennis

Bear the Green Brier River in Virginia, in the beautiful Green
Brier Valley, lived a family of 13 children and a
large dog. The house was built of logs and a chimney made
it. The house was built of logs and a chimney made
13 happy children. The house was built of logs and a chimney made
vime at the chimney. The house was built of logs and a chimney made
their own meal, and

NEWTON

"The house was close to the river and we had lots of fun on wash
day," my father used to tell. "Down across the branch we had a
large iron kettle in which to boil the wash and a wooden washboard
made out of a large tree. We used to lay laundry out flat
and slap the clothes until they were clean. One
day sister Margaret had come to wash and a storm
started to sweep the land. The water was high in the
river and we had drift, but the water was high. When I got off
his horse, sister Margaret went in after him, as he was a good
swimmer, and brought him back to shore. They have not seen
the son to come from that field and they never did any
long time and never his life. Every one of us is taught to him
while we were young.

"Father had a good education but mother only had 2 months of school.
She was a good type Compiled and Printed
to have an education. Father had been writing
about his home in Stark
move and in 6 months
wagon, one brother
It took 3 months to
and stayed until we
between Union and Indiana
Wilmer C. Kingsley
1949

Wichita, Kansas

"I was about 9 when
negro and the children
but I could read as well as any boy taught me and I
said that Arthur did. I asked him I could read well in the
New Testament and he said it was hard to learn to read so well.
Arthur said was a mighty, mighty boy and I taught his brother for
him. There was one boy that sure disgusted me when he washed his
dirty clothes on his back porch so I picked up a switch and hit
his nose and I guess I hit a little rough. When he got home I
taught him to wash clothes doing. He acted like he would like
to have done something to break his of his habit. Another boy got
smart one day while we were washing out clothes and he pointed his
finger at me and said, 'You ought to get corn bread.' And I
fired right back at him and said, 'Break that, if you make a
corn bread you might have one more.' Next day he came to

HI'S HIGH LIFE

Written of hiram Newton by Jennie Newton

Near the Green Brier River in Virginia, in the beautiful Green Brier Valley, lived a very good man, my father. The farm was a large 900 acres with a spring and a stream of water running through it. The house was large and the milk house was nice. There were 13 happy children, 5 girls and 8 boys. His mother spent lots of time at the spinning wheel. His father tanned hides and made their own shoes. His grandfather had a mill to grind their flour, meal, and buckwheat.

"The house was close to the river and we had lots of fun on wash day," my father used to tell. "Down near the beach we had a large iron kettle in which to heat the water and a trough father made out of a large tree. Our job was to take paddles and slap and slap the clothes until we got the clothes nice and clean. One day sister Harriett had charge of the washing and a drunk man started to cross the ford. They told him it wasn't safe as the river was up and swift, but he never stopped. When he fell off his horse, sister Harriett swam in after him, as she was a good swimmer, and brought him back to shore. They blew the horn for the men to come from the field and they rolled him and worked a long time and saved his life. Every one of us was taught to swim while we were young.

"Father had a good education but mother only had 3 months at school. She was a good teacher just the same. Father was anxious for us to have an education. As Uncle Billy Stevens had been writing about his home in Stark Co., Illinois we began to get ready to move and in 6 months we were ready to start. We had one 6-horse wagon, one 4-horse wagon, then a wagon for the family to ride in. It took 2 months to make the trip. We went to Uncle Billy Stevens and stayed until we bought a farm west of Tulon or half way between Tulon and Laffett.

"I was about 9 when I started to school. I talked more like the negro and the children thought it funny. I went in first class but I could read so well the teacher asked who taught me and I said that mother did. I asked him if I could read some in the New Testament and he was surprised to hear me read so well. Arthur Herd was a sickly, whiney boy and I fought his battles for him. There was one boy that sure disgusted me when he wiped his dirty nose on his coat sleeve so I picked up a corncob and wiped his nose and I guess I was a little rough. When he hollered the teacher came to see what I was doing. He acted like he would like to have done something to break him of his habit. Another boy got smart one day while we were eating our dinner and he pointed his finger at me and said, "Poor folks have to eat corn bread." And I fired right back at him and said, "Poor fool, if you would eat corn bread you might have some sense." Next day he offered to

trade sandwiches with me and I gave him some and said I didn't want his. Well he liked it so well he wanted his mother to go see my mother and learn how to make it. William Wildly was my first teacher. Our school was called Beef Soup Ceminary or Hurds House. The teacher would send two boys to the spring after water and it was below the slaughter house and that is where it got its name. One day the teacher had a bad boy to whip so he sent me after the whips. I had a good sharp pocket knife so I made use of it and every time the teacher would strike the whips would break. Another time my teacher told me to go in the clock room and stay until I could be good and he would send for me. So when he opened the door I walked out slowly as I had every bonnet and wrap on that I could stack on. I must have looked funny because the teacher and everyone laughed. I was always up to some mischief. I put a darning needle in the toe of my shoe and stuck the boy in front of me to hear him holler. I picked a louse off of Salomria Rhode's hair then laid it on my slate and cracked it and made all the children laugh. After I went to Sarrie Rhodes, Katie Porter taught and when she stayed at our house I sure tried to be a man as I didn't want my father to have to call me down.

"My Aunt liked to have me take care of her babies so she could spin. All went well until one day I heard that my brother Ira was plowing and I thought I could do anything he did even if he was 2 years older. So I left the babies, went home, and fixed up a one horse plow. Hitching up the good gentle horse, I went to the field and my older brothers laughed at me but I didn't care.

"I was helping farm when Uncle Sam called for help. I was in the 112th Regiment, Ill. Co. D and Captain Dunn was my captain. I was in Sherman's march to the sea. I think one of the worst things that happened was a terrible storm as we were sailing around Cape Hatteras and couldn't pull to shore. When I saw the seasick soldiers on lower deck, I thought I would prefer facing the waves so I strapped myself down to the large iron rings and when the waves dashed over the ship it would take my breath. I was glad when the storm was over.

"I had a narrow escape when I was a mounted cavalryman in the Alleghany Mts. I was knocked down and lay unconscious and when I was able to ride again I sure got back to my company.

"One time when I was with a carload of provisions for our regiment, the whole train was captured. While the enemy was cutting their way through the timber I saw a chance and escaped. When I saw they were after me, I dashed off a high bank in the Ettawa River. When I got across I helped my horse up the bank, then we got behind some trees. The rebels looked at the river and thought just for one man they wouldn't risk their lives in a river like that. I rode until my horse was worn out, then I traded for a good one. When I got to our company they told Captain Dunn that Hi Newton wanted to

see him. As soon as he heard my story he said take all the men you need and I sure did and we recaptured our train so we had plenty to eat.

"When Norman Ives was wounded he asked for me to take care of him. He told me he had a sister he wanted me to meet. Borrowing a suit I tried to look my best and you can bet I feel paid because I fell in love and married her.

"I was wounded in a bloody battle, the Charge at Resacca. I was behind a tree firing as fast as I could when I stuck my right foot out too far. The right foot was mangled and my boot was full of blood. When I crawled back and received aid they had to take out the middle toe."

HIRAM NEWTON -- born 20 January 1841, died 9 March 1923

Married

MINERVA AMELIA IVES -- born 11 November 1840, died 7 August 1897

(Note: Minerva Amelia Ives' mother was a Lowell and her ancestors can be traced directly back to Percival Lowle of England (1571 - 1664) in -----

"The Historic Genealogy of the Lowells of America" from 1639 to 1899
Compiled and Edited by Delmar R. Lowell
Printed by "The Tuttle Company, Printers"
of Rutland, Vt. in 1899.)

GENERATIONS
2 3 4 5

FAMILY OF HIRAM AND MINERVA NEWTON

I. Alice Permelia Newton b. 3 June 1863, m. 3 June 1912 to John Alexander Trimble b. 15 June 1856, d. 10 July 1927

II. Bortie Eugene Newton b. 20 April 1868, d. 1 Nov. 1872

III. Minnie Alta Newton b. 9 Nov. 1870, m. 12 Nov. 1893 to Benjamin Brown Kouns b. 23 April 1869

A. Nellie Bly Kouns b. 24 August 1894, m. 29 March 1914 to William McKinley Waddington b. 7 Nov. 1891 (divorced 1948)

1. Jennie Lois Waddington b. 19 Oct. 1914, m. 19 Aug. 1939 to Carroll Strider Travis b. 22 Aug. 1907
 - a. Francis Jean Travis b. 29 Sept. 1940
 - b. Barbara June Travis b. 17 July 1942
 - c. Carolyn Marie Travis b. 22 July 1945

B. Effie Zella Kouns b. 27 Feb. 1896, m. 4 June 1922 to Ray Leonel Smith b. 1 June 1895

1. Richard Leon Smith b. 27 June 1925.
2. Milton Lewis Smith b. 8 March 1928, d. 1 April 1928
3. Jane Irene Smith b. 21 June 1932

C. Rachel Newton Kouns b. 7 March 1898, d. 12 Aug. 1898

D. Isaac Hiram Kouns b. 24 June 1899, m. 10 June 1926, to Effie Helen Shedd b. 20 Aug. 1904

E. Joe Franklin Kouns b. 4 Dec. 1901, m. 26 April 1925, to Hazel Fern Oliver b. 11 May 1900

1. Nelcena Esther Kouns b. 18 Jan. 1926, m. 14 April 1946 to Edison Hagan Baldwin b. 3 May 1924
 - a. Edison Franklin Baldwin b. 28 July 1948
2. Joe Franklin Kouns b. 23 May 1931

F. Bert Kouns b. 27 Feb. 1904, d. 20 July 1910)
G. Curt Kouns b. 27 Feb. 1904, d. 25 Jan. 1915) Twins

H. Lucile Maxine Kouns b. 16 April 1906, m. 22 April 1933 to
Everett Hubert Partridge b. 27 April 1910

I. Elizabeth Alice Kouns b. 26 March 1910, d. 3 Aug. 1912

J. Charles Benjamin Kouns b. 11 May 1912, m. 4 April 1934, to
Alma Olive Hammond b. 29 Oct. 1914

1. Charles Everett Kouns b. 13 Sept. 1937

2. Allan Eugene Kouns b. 23 Feb. 1939

IV. May Elnora Newton b. 3 Sept. 1872, d. 14 May 1937, m. 28 March
1896 to Joseph Bernhard Willenburg b. 21 Sept. 1860
d. 13 Dec. 1938

A. Elsie Anna Willenburg b. 25 Oct. 1896, m. 28 Aug. 1918 to
Hugh Biggs b. 24 Feb. 1897

1. Beverly Aleene Biggs b. 21 July 1920 m. 27 June 1942 to
Roy Richardson b. 10 Nov. 1899

a. Virginia Marvell Richardson b. 27 Aug. 1943

2. George Edgar Biggs b. 4 Oct. 1922

3. Elnora Nadine Biggs b. 26 Sept. 1925 m. 5 March 1948 to
Carl Bruington b. 26 Oct. 1915

a. Kathleen Sue Bruington b. 7 Sept. 1948

4. Barbara Jo Ann Biggs b. 17 Mar. 1929

5. Hugh Biggs Jr. b. 4 Mar. 1931

6. James Ivan Biggs b. 9 Sept. 1933

B. Margalena Alice Willenburg b. 15 July 1900, m. 24 April 1920
to James William Biggs b. 27 March 1899 (Hugh's
brother)

1. James William Biggs Jr. b. 26 Sept. 1928, d. 26 Sept. 1928

2. Jolene May Biggs b. 29 Sept. 1934

3. Robert Leon Biggs b. 14 Jan. 1936

4. Donald Newton Biggs b. 24 Jan. 1940, d. 24 Jan. 1940

C. Joseph Newton Willenburg b. 22 Nov. 1902, m. 21 April 1932

to Cleo Maud Mosher b. 18 Nov. 1904

D. Beulah Jane Willenburg b. 6 Nov. 1909, m. 24 Dec. 1935 to

Everett Leroy Rohrer b. 20 Mar. 1906 (divorced 1947)

E. Alta Louella Willenburg b. 26 April 1911, m. 17 Mar. 1930 to

Paul Leon Pope b. 2 Nov. 1906

F. Elmer Martin Willenburg b. 1914, d. 15 Aug. 1920

V. Elmer Ernest Newton b. 16 Aug. 1875, d. 1932, m. to Anna Rachael

McDougal b. 25 Oct. 1874

A. Joseph Earl Newton b. 21 Sept. 1900, m. 13 June 1923 to

Lillian Grace McMahon b. 23 Sept. 1900

1. Nellie Nadine Newton b. 14 July 1927, m. 19 June 1946 to

Albert Ray Long b. 24 Aug. 1927

VI. Nellie Loella Newton b. 23 Feb. 1878, m. 1 May 1904 to Judson

Free Perkins b. 3 Aug. 1880

A. Edith Jenny Perkins b. 13 Mar. 1905, m. 19 Jan. 1925 to James

T. Haggard b. 16 Dec. 1899, d. 27 Aug. 1948

1. James Dwoolford Haggard b. 17 Oct. 1927

2. William Judson Haggard b. 22 Dec. 1928

3. Joan Edith Haggard b. 2 Nov. 1930

B. Mildred Alice Perkins b. 2 Feb. 1907, m. 25 Dec. 1938 to

Robert Russell Dunlap b. 24 Mar. 1910

1. Effie Nell Dunlap b. 1 April 1942

C. Geraldine Maude Perkins b. 28 Feb. 1909, m. 16 April 1928 to

John Leonard Pittman b. 31 May 1896

I. John Leonard Pittman Jr. b. 24 Jan. 1934

D. Helen Margaret Perkins b. 22 Nov. 1911, m. 20 June 1937 to
Frederick Elmer Montgomery b. 27 Nov. 1900

1. Frederick Elmer Montgomery Jr. b. 22 Aug. 1939

2. Margaret Mildred Montgomery b. 9 May 1941

E. Paul Stephen Perkins b. 12 Dec. 1916, m. 13 May 1945 to Evelyn
Margarette Ferguson b. 25 Aug. 1919

1. Linda Sue Perkins b. 28 Feb. 1946

III. Jennie Beatrice Newton b. 24 Aug. 1881, m. 5 Mar. 1918 to William
Henry Kingsley b. 31 Dec. 1868, d. 14 Mar. 1947

A. Evelyn Amelia Kingsley b. 4 April 1919, m. 21 Aug. 1940 to
Herbert Owen Whistler b. 6 Feb. 1917

1. Danny Owen Whistler b. 21 Mar. 1941

2. Dennis Dean Whistler b. 16 May 1943

3. Linda Kay Whistler b. 22 Feb. 1945

4. David Glen Whistler b. 26 Oct. 1946

B. Wilmer Chester Kingsley b. 5 Oct. 1921, m. 21 Feb. 1943 to
Velma LaVerne Baskett b. 8 June 1921

1. Jenean Marie Kingsley b. 28 Dec. 1943

2. Carol Diane Kingsley b. 27 Oct. 1947

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